

The Random Jottings of Donald Jay From Nelson in Pendle.

Nelson Cleansing Department had a person to put the dogs and cats and other animals to sleep. All Councils by Law had to have one. They gassed them or electrocuted them it was cruel. the man who did this we called zombie John . all councils had to have a person to dispatch animals.

In the heart of Nelson, a quaint town nestled between rolling hills and meandering streams, there existed a somber institution known as the Cleansing Department. Its duty was a dark one, a necessity mandated by the law of the land. Each council, no matter how small or large, was required to have a person appointed to carry out a grim task - to put to rest the dogs, the cats, and the other creatures that had found themselves without a home.

The methods employed were cruel, casting a pall of sorrow over the town's collective conscience. They used gas, the silent shroud that snuffed out life, or the jarring shock of electricity, ending it in an instant. It was a duty that weighed heavy on the soul, a burden carried by those who felt the weight of compassion.

And then there was Zombie John.

A name whispered in hushed tones, a moniker born of the uncanny detachment with which he performed his grim task. John was a man of few words, a shadowy figure that moved through the somber halls of the Cleansing Department with an eerie calm. His eyes betrayed no emotion, a well-practiced mask to shield himself from the emotional torrent that flowed around him.

The townsfolk spoke of him in mournful tones, as if he was a ghost that had long since lost his way. They wondered what had led him to this melancholy vocation, what sorrows had turned him into the spectral figure he now appeared to be. Some whispered of a tragedy too great for a heart to bear, while others believed him to be a man devoid of feeling altogether.

But John never spoke of his past, never offered a glimpse into the depths of his soul. He carried out his duties with a mechanical precision, a man who had long since surrendered to the grim reality of his role. Each day, he faced the forlorn faces of those animals, their eyes filled with a silent plea for reprieve.

As the seasons passed, a quiet understanding settled over the town. They came to accept Zombie John as a fixture of their lives, a necessary evil born from a society's need to reckon with its strays and unwanted. And though they ached for the creatures he sent on their final journey, they understood that it was a burden he bore alone.

But one fateful day, as the autumn leaves danced in the crisp air, something shifted within Zombie John. It was a subtle change, imperceptible to most, but those who watched him closely could sense a stirring of humanity in those haunted eyes.

Perhaps it was the changing of the seasons, the reminder that life was a fragile, fleeting thing. Or perhaps it was the countless silent pleas that had finally pierced the fortress around his heart.

Whatever the cause, John found himself questioning the cruel inevitability of his duty.

And so, one by one, he began to seek alternatives. He reached out to animal shelters, to kind souls who could offer refuge and a chance at a new beginning. He became an advocate for the voiceless, a guardian for those who had been abandoned and forgotten.

In time, the townsfolk began to see a glimmer of hope in Zombie John's eyes. They witnessed the transformation of a man who had been resigned to a life of shadows, into one who had found purpose in the service of those who could not speak for themselves.

And so, the Cleansing Department became a place of redemption, a testament to the power of compassion and the possibility of change. The legacy of Zombie John transformed from a haunting specter to that of a guardian angel, a reminder that even in the darkest of moments, the light of empathy could still find its way.

By Donald Jay.

P/S I was asked once to do it I told them to piss off.